

NUMBER 47.

Before the sunrise she and Lily and the other comrades took a long walk into the village weaving and stopped at the village hotel. It was too late for the weaving, but they might as well go to which, the inhabitants still adhered to the good custom of sleeping Sunday night.

Next day, as he is to go to the church and set in a pair of wheels, Clara said so then.

She was pretty. Clara continued it to herself. Indeed she might be called beautiful but that she was too pale—How tall! How slender! How graceful! How admirably she bore upon her great world that he right for counsel! She forgot how clear and bright her eyes were.

They dug out of the same book, their hands bowed, and their heads down, they might have been the same people, but they were not. The first she sat on him. No wonder he should be found of her.

For Clara she sought her bed that night with an ach-

If she had been engaged with her outward clothing, how much more would she have been interested in the man. Though she looked upon Julia as a rival, it was impossible to approach her and not feel respect for her. Her manner and her engaging manners secured the attention and respect, but not the love of the other woman. She was a woman who could not brook that. Those rivalry exists, there is no love.

When the evening came, she was alone with her. Julia had just been with him. Clara sat pensive and thoughtful.

"I have been thinking," Clara said, "that her heart, in spite of all that she has been through, is with a sense favored love than adverse fortune has pained him from her. I feel that she is a woman who is not only a lady, but a woman who is a woman."

"Or, perhaps the little plaintive song Julia has just sung, awakened and stirred up some of her feelings."

"I think if you remember anything till you die, it would be the name of Julia. I feel that she is a woman who is not only a lady, but a woman who is a woman."

[illegible]

"You are cold, heartless man! You will not love me, no more! You will laugh and ride with that Julia, but never ask me; you dance all night with Julia, while I am left at home, alone!"

"I will not go to church with her, and I am left at home. You may go back to New York, if you wish."

"I will not speak to you again."

"You are no cousin of mine—you are a scoundrel, rascal, good-for-nothing, and I will never see you again."

"You are a scoundrel, the ugliest, the most hated—ugh! the beast!" She hurried out of the room, leaving him staring after her.

He went away with a serious face.

That afternoon, Clara was sitting in a rustic garden, and she was looking at a pale, unhappy girl who stood close to her, two persons walking that way until they were out of sight.

She was looking at the girl, and she was looking at the smiling Julia by the hand.

"I know this lady only as your cousin. I come now to acquaint you with her."

"You are a scoundrel, heartless man! You will not love me, no more! You will laugh and ride with that Julia, but never ask me; you dance all night with Julia, while I am left at home, alone!"

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[illegible]

to go, when his eyes as yours came
me to stop and taste such tempting
fruit as this.

He did not stop long. When next
he left the village, Julia was not the
only one who went with him, nor Har-
ry all that called her sister.

"No farmer is a good economist
who neglects his harem. A horse feeds
as much better in a stable stall than
heron, as a man does in clean linen,
and he is proud of it."

"I am the father's saint," as the hostess
said to the boy, when he found it laid
in the wood-pile, and vermin of what it was

June this month, we stopped at the
of Mr. Murdoch, on Tilled acres.
view two moderate-sized equally;
only weighed 210 and 284 pounds
respectively. They were raised by
T. Q. A. Holton, of San Jose, who
rated on one side the past year
pounds. One of these animals can
at our office.

"Make your horse your friend."
Frank likes to regard you as his
and while he has proper respect for
it should make no mistake of his
of his treatment. The horse
affection.

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